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BATTISTA.
And he has saved thy life—whilst I to him—
Well, well, thank God, my purpose came to
nought.

FRANCESCO.
Who lies there, pale and bleeding, on the
ground?
A little child is by his side.

BATTISTA.
Where, where?

FRANCESCO.
Look, there!

BATTISTA (*crosses himself*).
Jesu Maria!

FRANCESCO.
You grow pale?

BATTISTA.
Ha! seest thou yonder corpse?

FRANCESCO.
Yes. Come, my father,

Let us—

BATTISTA (*holds him back*).
How! miserable boy, art mad?

Dost thou not see the angel with the dead?

FRANCESCO.
A little boy!

(GIOVANNI, with his *Agnus Dei* staff beckons
them to be quiet.)

BATTISTA.
Thou'rt blind; dost thou not see

The *Agnus Dei* staff? He threatens us!

'Tis John, the holy hermit! Come! Away!

FRANCESCO.
What is amiss, dear father?

BATTISTA.
Everything!

See there, again he threatens with the staff?

FRANCESCO.
You are bewildered.

BATTISTA.
Home! 'Tis growing late.

The chilly evening air strikes to my heart.

Home, home, I say, I shall be better there!

'Tis nought to speak about,—a fever merely,—

And should you often hear me in my dreams

Talking of murder, bloodshed—heed me not,

They are but empty words.

FRANCESCO.
Nay, father, father!

BATTISTA.
For 'tis, I tell you, merely accident,

That he did save my boy Francesco's life,

In the same moment that I murder'd him!

FRANCESCO.
Father!

BATTISTA.
Again he threatens! Let us fly!

(*Exeunt*).
(Enter SILVESTRO and MARIA).

MARIA.
Oh, my Antonio, art thou still here?

Hush, my dear mother, hush, my father sleeps!

MARIA (*kneeling down*).
'Tis over! Oh, my life is gone from me!

GIOVANNI.
What do you want, dear mother? Why dost

weep?

My father sleeps; he's weary, let him rest.

He soon will rise again!

MARIA.
(*lifts him in her arms, and kisses him*).

Thou blessed angel,

My only joy, my stay, Antonio's son!

SILVESTRO.
Subdue the outcry of thy heart, Maria!

Alarm not the poor boy; he thinks his father

Is only sleeping.

MARIA.
Oh, sweet happy faith!

I too believe it. Heaven speaks to us by
The mouth of this dear innocent. Yes, yes.
He sleeps, and soon we too shall sleep, and soon
Awake in heaven.

SILVESTRO.
Yes, of a surety, yes!

(*MARIA sits down beside the fountain, and
weeps; the little GIOVANNI sits quietly be-
side his father's body. SILVESTRO stands
contemplating them with emotion. Enter
a MESSENGER.*)

MESSENGER.
(*addressing SILVESTRO who stands between
him and the body*).
Is this the straight road to Correggio?

SILVESTRO.
It is.

MESSENGER.
Know you Antonio Allegri,

Good hermit?

SILVESTRO.
Yes. What news hast thou for him?

MESSENGER.
A good evangle; now his fortune's made.

SILVESTRO.
Most true, his real fortune.

MESSENGER.
How! You know, then?

SILVESTRO.
Know what?

MESSENGER.
That our good Duke of Mantua

Sends him, by me, a summons to the court!

There shall Antonio in his service stay,

Distinguish'd, honour'd, bountifully paid.

For Michael Angelo and Julio

Romano spoke of him to-day, in terms

So full of ardour, that his Highness sent me

Away post haste, to fetch Antonio,

With wife and child, to Mantua to-morrow.

SILVESTRO.
With all thy speed, thou still art come too late.

MESSENGER.
How so?

SILVESTRO (*stepping aside*).
There lies the martyr, fall'n already,

Beneath the load of jealousy and want.

MESSENGER.
Great heaven, and is he dead? Is this Allegri?

SILVESTRO.
This was Allegri. Many a year will come

And go, before our world again can say—

There is Allegri!

MESSENGER.
Ah, I well believe you!

SILVESTRO.
Salute thy duke! Say to him, 'twas humane,

On the request of two such famous men,

To wish to do a noble artist right.

But say besides, it had been worthier far,

Had he himself found out the wondrous art

Of this great man,—himself had succoun'd it,

Nor left it to a chance, alas! too late!

To make him sensible—what he has lost.

MESSENGER.
Poor soul! poor soul! And so he died of want!

SILVESTRO.
Bewail him not, the blessed one! 'Tis true,

His weary head has droop'd, but the twin

wreaths

Which circle those pale temples tenderly,—

The wreath of honour, of remembrance,—these, I

say to thee, resplendently will shine,

When many a golden crown has fallen in dust!

MESSENGER.
I do believe you. He was great indeed!

GIOVANNI (*weeping*).
My father does not sleep—he's dead! he's dead!

SILVESTRO.
Weep, my poor boy! thou hast good cause to

weep.

Thou, too, Maria, join thy tears with mine.

The world must marvel, it has nought to mourn.

He in his works shall live for evermore,

A great exemplar to all time. But oh,

For us a husband, father, friend has died!

The whole world cannot recompense our loss!

We shall regain him in you heaven alone!

CURTAIN FALLS.

GROTESQUE RENAISSANCE.

(*From Stones of Venice.*)

Now all the forms of art which result from
the comparatively recreative exertion more
or less blunted or encumbered by other
causes and toils, the art which we may call
generally the art of the wayside, as opposed
to that which is the business of men's lives,
is, in the best sense of the word, Grotesque.
And it is noble or inferior, first, according
to the tone of the minds which have pro-
duced it, and in proportion to their knowl-
edge, wit, love of truth, and kindness;
secondly, according to the degree of strength
they have been able to give forth; but yet,
however much we may find in it needing
to be forgiven, always delightful so long as
it is the work of good and ordinarily intel-
ligent men. And its delightfulness ought
mainly to consist in *those very imperfec-
tions* which mark it for work done in times
of rest. It is not its own merit so much as
the enjoyment of him who produced it,
which is to be the source of the spectator's
pleasure; it is to the strength of his sym-
pathy, not to the accuracy of his criticism,
that it makes appeal; and no man can in-
deed be a lover of what is best in the
higher walks of Art, who has not feeling
and charity enough to rejoice with the
rude sportiveness of hearts that have es-
caped out of prison, and to be thankful for
the flowers which men have laid down
their burdens to sow by the wayside.

And consider what a vast amount of hu-
man work this right understanding of its
meaning will make fruitful and admirable
to us, which otherwise we could only have
passed by with contempt. There is very
little architecture in the world, which is,
in the full sense of the words, good and noble.
A few pieces of Italian, Gothic, and Roma-
nesque, a few scattering fragments of Gothic
cathedrals, and perhaps two or three of
Greek temples, are all that we possess ap-
proaching to an ideal of perfection. All
the rest—Egyptian, Roman, Arabian, and
most Gothic, and, which is very noticeable,
for the most part all the strongest and
mightiest—depend for their power on some
development of the grotesque spirit; but
much more the inferior domestic architec-
ture of the Middle Ages, and what similar
conditions remain to this day in countries
from which the life of Art has not yet been
banished by its laws. The fantastic gables,
built up in scroll-work and steps, of the
Flemish street; the pinnacled roofs set
with their small humorist double windows,
as if with so many ears and eyes, of North-
ern France; the blackened timbers crossed

and carved into every conceivable wariness of imagination, of Normandy and Old England; the rude hewing of the pine timbers of the Swiss cottage; the projecting turrets and bracketed oriels of the German street; these, and a thousand other forms, not in themselves reaching any high degree of excellence, are yet admirable, and most precious, as the fruits of a rejoicing energy in uncultivated minds. It is easier to take away the energy, than to add the cultivation; and the only effect of the better knowledge which civilized nations now possess, has been, as we have seen in a former chapter, to forbid their being happy, without enabling them to be great.

It is very necessary, however, with respect to this provincial or rustic architecture, that we should carefully distinguish its truly grotesque from its picturesque elements. In the "Seven Lamps," I defined the picturesque to be "parasitical sublimity," or sublimity belonging to the external or accidental characters of a thing, not to the thing itself. For instance, when a highland cottage roof is covered with fragments of shale instead of slate, it becomes picturesque, because the irregularity and rude fractures of the rocks, and the grey and gloomy color, give to it something of the savageness, and much of the general aspect of the slope of a mountain-side. But as a mere cottage roof it cannot be sublime, and whatever sublimity it derives from the wildness or sternness which the mountains have given it in its covering, is, so far forth, parasitical. The mountain itself would have been grand, which is much more than picturesque; but the cottage cannot be grand as such, and the parasitical grandeur which it may possess by accidental qualities, is the character for which men have long agreed to use the inaccurate word 'Picturesque.'

On the other hand, beauty cannot be parasitical. There is nothing so small or so contemptible, but it may be beautiful in its own right. The cottage may be beautiful, and the smallest moss that grows on its roof, and the minutest fibre of that moss which the microscope can raise into visible form, and all of them in their own right not less than the mountains and the sky; so that we use no peculiar term to express their beauty, however diminutive, but only when the sublime element enters, without sufficient worthiness in the nature of the thing to which it is attached.

Now, this picturesque element, which is always given, if by nothing else, merely by ruggedness, adds usually very largely to the pleasureableness of grotesque work, especially to that of its inferior kinds; but it is not for this reason, to be confounded with the grotesque itself. The knots and rents of the timbers, the irregular lying of the shingles on the roof, the vigorous light and shadow, the fractures and weather-stains of the old stones, which were so deeply loved and so admirably rendered by our lost Prout, are the picturesque elements of architecture; the grotesque ones are those which are not produced by the working of nature and of time, but exclusively by the fancy of man; and, as also, for the most part, by his indolent and uncultivated fancy, they are always, in some degree, wanting in grandeur, unless the picturesque element be united with them.

Two great and principal passions are evidently appointed by the Deity to rule the life of man; namely, the love of God, and the fear of sin and of its companion—Death. How many motives we have for love, how much there is in the universe to kindle our admiration, and to claim our gratitude, there are, happily, multitudes among us who both feel and teach. But it has not, I think, been sufficiently considered how evident, throughout the system of creation, is the purpose of God that we should often be affected by fear; not the sudden, selfish, and contemptible fear of immediate danger, but the fear which arises out of the contemplation of great powers in destructive operation, and generally from the perception of the presence of death. Nothing appears to me more remarkable than the array of scenic magnificence, by which the imagination is appalled, in myriads of instances, when the actual danger is comparatively small; so that the utmost possible impression of awe shall be produced upon the minds of all, though direct suffering is inflicted upon few. Consider, for instance, the moral effect of a single thunder-storm. Perhaps two or three persons may be struck dead within the space of a hundred square miles, and their deaths unaccompanied by the scenery of the storm, would produce little more than a momentary sadness in the busy hearts of living men. But the preparation for the Judgment by all that mighty gathering of the clouds; by the questioning of the forest leaves in all their terrified stillness, which way the winds shall go forth; by the murmuring to each other, deep in the distance, of the destroying angels before they draw forth their swords of fire; by the march of the funeral darkness in the midst of noonday, and the rattling of the dome of heaven beneath the chariot wheels of death; in how many minds do these produce an impression almost as great as the actual witnessing of the fatal issue! and how strangely are the expressions of the threatening elements fitted to the apprehension of the human soul! The lurid color, the long, irregular, conclusive sound, the ghastly shapes of flaming and heaving cloud, are all as true and faithful in their appeal to our instinct of danger, as the moaning or wailing of the human voice itself is to our instinct of pity. It is not a reasonable calculating terror which they awake in us; it is no matter that we can count distance by seconds, and measure probability by averages. That shadow of the thunder-cloud will still do its work upon our hearts, and we shall watch its passing away as if we stood upon the threshold-floor of Arannah. * * *

It is not in the languor of a leisure hour, that a man will set his whole soul to conceive the means of representing some important truth, nor to the projecting angle of a timber bracket that he would trust its representation if conceived. And yet in this languor, and in this trivial work, he must find some expression of the serious part of his soul, of what there is within him capable of awe, as well as of love. The more noble the man is, the more impossible it will be for him to confine his thoughts to mere loveliness, and that of a low order. Were his powers and his time unlimited, so that, like Fra Angelico, he could paint the Seraphim, in that order

he could find contentment, bring down heaven to earth. But by the conditions of his being, by his hard-worked life, by his feeble powers of execution, by the meanness of his employment, and the languor of his heart, he is bound down to earth. It is the world's work he is doing, and world's work is not to be done without fear. And whatever there is of deep and eternal consciousness within him, thrilling his mind with the sense of the presence of sin and death around him, must be expressed in that slight work, and feeble way, come of it what will. He cannot forget it, among all that he sees of beautiful in nature; he may not bury himself among the leaves of the violet on the rocks, and of the lily in the glen, and twine out of them garlands of perpetual gladness. He sees more in the earth than these—misery, and wrath, and discordance, and danger, and all the work of the dragon and his angels; this he sees with too deep feeling ever to forget. And though, when he returns to his idle work—it may be to gild the letters upon the page, or to carve the timbers of the chamber, or the stones of the pinnacle—he cannot give his strength of thought any more to the woe or to the danger, there is a shadow of them still present with him, and as the bright colors mingle beneath his touch, and the fair leaves and flowers grow at his bidding, strange horrors and phantasms rise by his side; grizzly beasts and venomous serpents, and spectral fiends, and nameless inconsistencies of ghastly life, rising out of things most beautiful, and fading back into these again, as the harm and horrors of life do out of its happiness. He has seen these things, he wars with them daily; he cannot but give them their part in his work, though in a state of comparative apathy to them at the time. He is but carving and gilding, and must not turn aside to weep; but he knows that hell is burning on, for all that, and the smoke of it withers his oak leaves.

Now, the feelings which give rise to the false or ignoble grotesque, are exactly the reverse of these. In the true grotesque, a man of naturally strong feeling is accidentally or resolutely apathetic; in the false grotesque, a man naturally apathetic is forcing himself into temporary excitement. The horror which is expressed by the one, comes upon him whether he will or not; that which is expressed by the other, is sought out by him, and elaborated by his art. And therefore, also, because the fear of the one is true, and of true things, however fantastic its expression may be, there will be reality in it and force. It is not a manufactured terrible-ness, whose author, when he had finished it, knew not whether it would terrify any one else or not; but it is a terrible-ness taken from the life; a spectre which the workman indeed saw, and which, as it appalled him, will appal us also. But the other workman never felt any divine fear; he never shuddered when he heard the cry from the burning towers of the earth,

"Venga Medusa; si lo farem di smatto."

He is stone already, and needs no gentle hand laid upon his eyes to save him.

I do not mean what I say in this place, to apply to the creations of the imagination. It is not as the creating, but as the seeing man, that we are now contemplating

the master of the true grotesque. It is because the dreadfulness of the universe around him weighs upon his heart, that his work is wild; and, therefore, through the whole of it we shall find the evidence of deep insight into nature. His beasts and birds, however monstrous, will have profound relations with the true. He may be an ignorant man, and little acquainted with the laws of nature; but he never saw a serpent cross his path, nor a bird fit across the sky, nor a lizard bask upon a stone, without learning so much of the sublimity and inner nature of each, as will not suffer him thenceforth to conceive them coldly. He may not be able to carve plumes or scales well; but his creatures will bite and fly, for all that. The ignoble workman is the very reverse of all this. He never felt, never looked at Nature; and if he endeavored to imitate the work of the other, all his touches will be made at random, and all his extravagances will be ineffective; he may knit brows, and twist lips, and lengthen beaks, and sharpen teeth, but it will all be in vain. He may make his creature disgusting, but never fearful. There is, however, often another cause of difference than this. The true grotesque being the expression of the *repose* or play of a *serious* mind, there is a false grotesque opposed to it, which is the result of the full exertion of a *frivolous* one. There is much grotesque which is wrought out with exquisite care and pains; and so much labor given to it, as if it were of the noblest subject; so that the workman is evidently no longer apathetic, and has no excuse for unconnectedness of thought, or sudden unreasonable fear. If he awakens horror now, it ought to be in some truly sublime form. His strength is in his work; and he must not give way to sudden humor, and fits of erratic fancy. If he does so, it must be because his mind is naturally frivolous, or is for the time degraded into the deliberate pursuit of frivolity. And herein lies the real distinction between the base grotesque of Raphael and the Renaissance, above alluded to, and the true Gothic grotesque. These grotesques or arabesques of the Vatican, and other such work, which have become the patterns of ornamentation in modern times, are the fruit of great minds degraded to base objects. The care, skill, and science, applied to the distribution of the leaves, and the drawing of the figures, are intense, admirable, and accurate; therefore, they ought to have produced a grand and serious work, not a tissue of nonsense. If we can draw the human head perfectly, and are masters of its expression and its beauty, we have no business to cut it off and hang it up by the hair at the end of a garland. If we can draw the human body, in the perfection of its grace and movement, we have no business to take away its limbs, and terminate it with a bunch of leaves. Or rather our doing so will imply that there is something wrong with us; that if we can consent to use our best powers for such base and vain trifling, there must be something wanting in the powers themselves; and that, however skillful we may be, or however learned, we are wanting both in the earnestness which can apprehend a noble truth, and in the thoughtfulness that can feel a noble fear. No Divine terror will ever be found in the work of

the man who wastes a colossal strength in elaborating toys; for the first lesson which that terror is sent to teach us, is the value of the human soul, and the shortness of mortal time.

ON DRAWING ANIMALS IN MOTION.

HORSES WALKING AND TROTTING.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

Sir,—Having received applications for further information respecting the mode of drawing horses in motion, I venture to ask you to grant me once more and finally a small space for comment on this subject.

It must be borne in mind that before we can succeed in representing Nature in motion, we must be able to depict her accurately at rest; and, as a means of attaining this proficiency, I recommended in my letter of the 5th ult., a mechanical wire frame to assist the calculations of the eye. As the student becomes more skillful, the gauge of the wire meshes might be gradually enlarged, until this aid might be nearly altogether dispensed with. A sensible habit of mechanical accuracy is a preliminary to the attainment of mental precision. We do not find that the man writes crookedly, because the boy is taught to form "round text" and "small hand" by the guide of "double lines." The rules of perspective should of course be mastered, but the adoption of these rules to practice, in a great degree, depend upon the cultivation of the mind and eye. The data from which we start in drawing perspective may be erroneous, unless their accuracy is determined by a power of truthful observation, so rare in its existence and expression, that we may well be surprised at ever finding anything drawn in the perspective of Nature. Even when the art of true perspective drawing is acquired, the skill to put it in motion and give it vitality, must be the result of inborn genius. We may master all rules, and yet produce nothing worth possessing.

But the question to be answered now is—How does the horse walk and trot, and how should these movements be represented by the artist? Trotting is merely accelerated walking—the principle of both paces is the same—the fore foot is moved to make room for the hind one on the same side. It has been asked, does the horse exercise his motive power laterally or diagonally? The answer to this question has been left by Mr. Youatt, in his valuable work on the "Horse," in the same unsatisfactory state in which he found it. The real fact appears to be, that the horse's motion in these paces is the result of a compound of the lateral and diagonal impulses; no two of his legs move simultaneously at the same angle; one foot precedes another in such a manner that in a succession of instants two feet on the same side are alternately on and off the ground together, but not for the same duration of time. The same effect is produced diagonally at corresponding intervals. We may here observe, that in all the horse's paces the hind feet are moved first; in them principally resides the propelling power.

This variety of movement prevents the working and fatiguing of the same muscles perpetually at the same moment: it is in reality the secret of the horse's grace and power of action. The artist, therefore, need not be limited to representing any one particular aspect of walking and trotting; he may seize and depict that feature of movement which best pleases his fancy and suits his skill, provided it be natural.

The horse is not a machine; he exercises a volition over each limb separately, or unitedly; and this power of will may be shown in an endless variety of action, according to his mood or the state of circumstances in which he is placed.

We all know the conventional mode of representing horses walking and trotting; two legs placed diagonally are squared up in the air, while the other two are fixed on the ground. We need no ghost to tell us that the animal does not raise a foot on one side of his body until the corresponding foot on the other side is securely established on the ground. Ought we, therefore, to stereotype this fact? Certainly not, if we wish to convey the idea of speed. In fast trotting, the eye cannot clearly discern the horse's feet touching the ground at right angles with the line of vision; who would then venture to paint Nature more distinctly than she represents herself? The most permanent impression made on the eye, is that of four legs moving in the air. Why, then, should we hesitate to represent that which is the most palpable aspect of the horse's pace? We must also avoid lifting the horse's legs too high and too forward.

Perhaps the following suggestion may supply a rule for the required action:—

At the point for the horse's body where the fore-leg joins the chest—I am speaking barbarously, without the slightest regard to anatomical nomenclature—form a right angle by drawing a horizontal line (A) parallel with the ground, and in the direction in which the animal moves forward, and another line (B) perpendicularly to the ground. While the leg is standing straight the toe projects beyond the knee; but when the knee is raised to its highest point, it projects beyond the toe, and the toe gradually recovers its prominence just before the foot touches the ground. It is, therefore, erroneous drawing to represent the foot in advance of the knee when the latter is raised to its full height. It is true that some horses, trained like actors in circuses, and *hautes écoles*, may be taught to jerk out their toes in an affected attitude; we must, however, be understood not to speak of these boarding-school acrobats, but of animals who want to do their work without having any time to spare or strength to waste in fanciful tricks and antics. How high ought the knee to be lifted? Measured by the horizontal line (A) it ought not to form a more acute angle than 40 to 45 degrees in walking, or 20 to 25 degrees in trotting. The average angles are, of course, much more obtuse than these, being about 40 to 45 degrees in trotting, and 45 to 55 in walking. The horse that wishes to display himself at more difficult angles is too energetic and wasteful for me, and he may find somebody else to choose him for a long day's work.

In a silversmith's window in Cornhill, might have been seen, very recently, a silver model of a horse in the presumed attitude of trotting at full speed. I suppose there is a slow demand for this kind of art-work, for the specimen was in that window many years, but within the last few days it has been withdrawn, doubtless to make room for more profitable merchandise. This "article" is among my earliest recollections, and it must have been studied by many delineators of horses to the detriment of the artist. The model is sufficiently well done to be a mischievous example, and it exhibits strikingly the fault above mentioned. The foot of the off fore-leg is so extravagantly projected, that it looks as if it were groping for a foot-stool, or making a vain endeavor to shake hands with somebody.

An attempt has been made to distinguish the movements of the camel from those of the horse, and it has been asserted that the action of the camel is entirely lateral—that is to say, that he moves his legs first on one side and then on the other. I believe that this impression is a popular error, and that the camel's movements are compound, like those of the horse; but the camel being more ungainly, deliberate, and less nimble, the lateral aspect of his action is more apparent to the eye of the